



THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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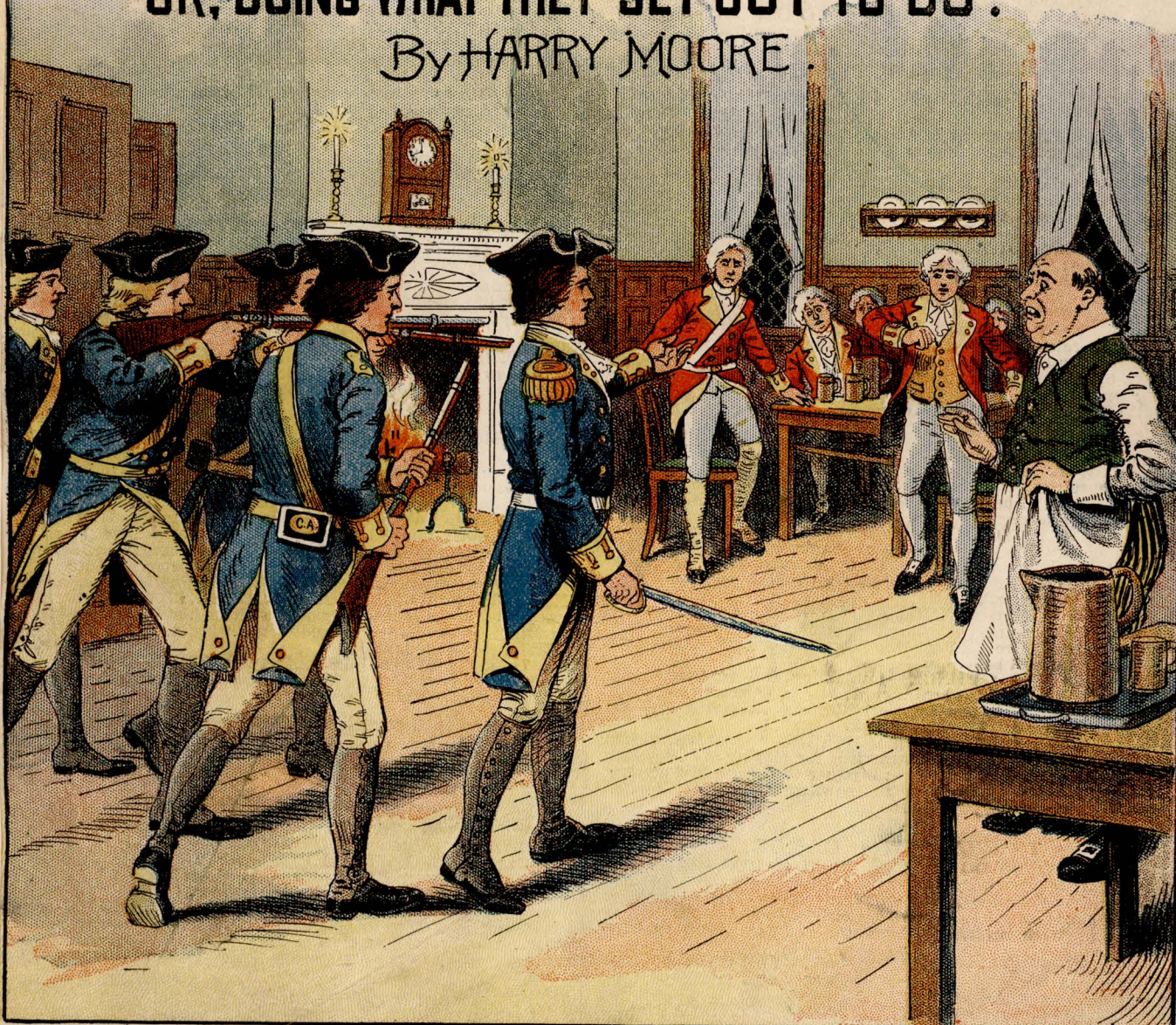
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1901.

Price 5 Cents.

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OR, DOING WHAT THEY SET OUT TO DO.

By HARRY MOORE



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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1901.

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CHAPTER I.

THE "LIBERTY BOY" IN THE SOUTH.

The battle of Guilford, North Carolina, was fought on the 15th of March, 1781.

It was between the southern branch of the American army, under General Greene, and the British forces in the south, under General Cornwallis.

It was a fierce battle.

It was stubbornly contested.

At the coming of evening Greene and the patriot forces drew off, leaving the British in possession of the field, but while the British are credited with victory, they were so badly crippled that the result of the battle was equivalent to a victory for the patriots.

Each army had lost in the neighborhood of six hundred men, so they were practically even in this respect.

Cornwallis now had only about sixteen hundred men, and he did not know what to do.

He remained at Guilford three days, and then suddenly broke camp and started southward.

Greene, who was near at hand, was surprised.

Where was Cornwallis going with his army?

The most probable place was South Carolina.

But this was by no means certain.

Cornwallis might be bound for some other point.

It was very important that Greene should know what Cornwallis intended doing.

But could he find out?

This would be extremely difficult.

There was only one possible way of doing it.

That was by sending a spy into the British lines.

But this would be a dangerous task for any spy.

Who was there in his army who would dare make the attempt to enter the British lines?

Greene suddenly thought of one who might do it.

In one of the regiments was a company of youths known

"The Liberty Boys of '76."

This company had been connected with the patriot army for five years.

The members had been youths of from sixteen to eighteen years when the company was made up, and now they were young men of from twenty-one to twenty-three years of age.

The captain of the company was a handsome, brave and dashing young fellow by the name of Dick Slater.

This young man had done wonderful work, not only as a fighter on the field of battle, but as a scout, messenger and spy.

In his extremity General Greene thought of Dick Slater.

"If any living person can do this work successfully, Dick can," he thought. "I know that when the 'Liberty Boys' were in the North the commander-in-chief always selected Dick for all the dangerous and important tasks in the way of spying on the British.

Greene sent for Dick Slater at once.

Dick promptly reported at the general's tent.

"You sent for me, General Greene?" the young man asked.

"Yes, Dick," was the reply; "I have some work which I wish done, and I thought you would be more likely to accomplish the work successfully than any one, so sent for you."

Dick flushed slightly, with pleasure, at the compliment, and then said, simply:

"What is the work, sir?"

"I'll tell you, Dick: Cornwallis and his army have broken camp and are marching southward—as I suppose you are aware?"

Dick nodded.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the question is, where is Cornwallis going?"

"You wish to find that out?"

"Yes, Dick. I am going to follow him, of course, and shall issue the order to break camp within the hour, but in order that I may know just what to expect, and be able to shape my plans, I wish to know what the plans of Cornwallis are. Of course, it will be an exceedingly difficult and dangerous task to accomplish this—if, indeed, it can be accomplished at all."

General Greene looked at Dick, inquiringly, as if to ask if he thought it possible to accomplish it.

Dick was silent a few moments, pondering.

"I think it may be accomplished, General Greene," he said, presently.

The general's face lighted up.

"You do?"

His tone was eager.

"Yes, sir. In order to accomplish it, however, it will be necessary that I—or whoever attempt it—get around in front of the British and manage to get within the British lines and march with the redcoats for several days, perhaps."

Greene nodded.

"That is the way it should be done," he agreed; "but it will be very dangerous business. Whoever does it, will take his life in his hands."

Dick nodded.

"True, sir," he said; "but that is to be expected when a man enters the army. He must be ready to place his life in jeopardy at any time."

"True; well, are you willing to attempt to do this work, Dick?"

The youth's face lighted up.

"I shall be delighted to make the attempt, General Greene," he replied, promptly. "It is my duty to do it, if you say so, and I am always ready to do as I am commanded by my superior officers."

"Bravely spoken, Dick. You are a true soldier. Well, then, enter upon the task at once. Go at it in your own way; stick to it till you have learned Cornwallis' destination and what he intends doing, if possible, and then return and report."

"Very well, sir."

"Be careful, Dick. Don't take any unnecessary chances."

"I will be careful, sir. I am aware that a great deal more than my own safety depends on the success or failure of the attempt."

"You are right; good-bye, and success to you!"

"Thank you; good-by!" and Dick saluted and withdrew.

Half an hour later Dick Slater, mounted on a good horse, rode away from the patriot encampment.

He headed for a high hill which stood a mile to the southwestward.

The youth did not look much like the Dick Slater who had had the interview with General Greene.

Then he had worn a Continental uniform—that of a captain.

Now he wore a rough suit of homespun, heavy shoes and an old slouch hat.

He looked like a typical poor son of the South.

Dick soon reached the hill.

He dismounted, tied his horse and climbed a tree.

He looked away toward the east.

He could see the British marching slowly along.

"They are headed in a southeasterly direction," thought Dick. "Well, I must make a good-sized circuit and get in front of them."

The youth descended from the tree-top, mounted his horse and rode away, going in a due south direction.

He rode at a gallop for a couple of hours.

Then he turned his horse's head toward the east.

"Now a couple of hours in this direction," thought Dick. "I think I will find myself in front of the British then."

Dick rode steadily onward for an hour and a half.

Then he reached the top of a high ridge.

He dismounted, tied his horse, and again climbed a tree.

He scanned the horizon to the northward and eastward. At first he could see no signs of the British.

He waited a while, however, although it was pretty close up in the tree-top, and presently was rewarded by seeing a small, moving spot of black in the distance.

"They are coming!" Dick murmured. "Good! I have got in front of them. Now to put my plan in operation."

Dick decided to wait a while, however.

It was now well along in the afternoon.

He made some calculations and decided that the British would probably encamp within a mile of the ridge.

Having so decided, Dick mounted his horse and rode on toward the east.

He had seen a farmhouse and was headed for it.

The farmhouse was about a mile distant.

It was about five o'clock when Dick reached the house, and there was a man out in the barnyard, milking a cow.

"Hello!" called out Dick.

"Hello, yo'self!" was the reply, as the man suspended his work and looked over his shoulder at Dick.

"What is the chance to get something to eat?" asked Dick.

"Right smart chance, I reckon," was the reply; "they ef yo' hain't over much pertickler whut yo' eats."

"Oh, I'm not particular. I can eat anything that any one else can."

"All right; light down, younker, an' lead yer horse to the stable. I'll be through heer in er minnet."

Dick leaped down and let down the bars.

He led the horse through the opening, put up the bars, and then led the animal across the barnyard to the stable—a rough, shed-like affair.

Dick tied the horse in the first stall he came to, and then was joined by the farmer.

"I'll giv' ther animile er feed uv hay an' co'n," the man said.

Dick took the bridle off the horse so that he could eat.

The farmer threw some hay in the manger, placed half dozen ears of corn in the trough, and then turned to Dick.

"Come on to ther house," he invited; "ther ole woman'll v supper in er jiffy."

Dick accompanied the farmer to the house, which was a de affair, built of logs.

"Ole woman, heers er young feller ez wants er bite uv pper," the man said by way of an introduction, as they entered the house.

The woman, who was rather good-looking and kindly-atured, greeted Dick pleasantly.

"You air welcome to sech ez the house affords," she id, cordially. "Whut might yo' name be, sir?"

"My name is Slater," replied Dick; "Dick Slater."

"Frum th' No'th, hain't yo'?"

Nick nodded.

"Yes, I'm from the North," he replied.

The woman nodded.

"I tho't so," she said; "be yo' one uv them army men?"

Dick hesitated.

He gave the man and the woman a searching glance.

"What are you folks?" he asked, with assumed carelessness, and ignoring the woman's question. "I mean are you triots or Tories?"

The woman straightened up and looked Dick straight the eyes.

"We've got a boy in Marion's band!" she said, proudly, r eyes flashing and meeting Dick's gaze defiantly.

Dick took a couple of steps forward, quickly, and extended his hand, which the woman took, a look of surprise on her face.

Dick bent over the hand and kissed it.

"In honor of the mother of one who is fighting for berty!" the youth said, earnestly.

"Then yo' air——"

"A 'Liberty Boy' myself, lady."

"I knowed et!" the woman cried. "I knowed yo' wuz er triot. Yo' look so brave an' true an' honest thet yo' uldn't be ennythin' else but er patriot!"

"Thank you!" said Dick. Then he asked:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Joe Morgan, young feller," said the man, and ther ole woman's name is Lizzie."

"I am indeed glad to know you!" said Dick.

As he spoke, a beautiful girl of perhaps seventeen years entered the room, coming from another room.

"An' this is our darter Sadie," said Mrs. Morgan, indicating the girl. "Sadie, this is Dick Slater, a patriot like Sam, who is with Marion."

Dick stepped quickly forward and took the girl's hand.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Sadie," he said.

The girl blushed and looked at Dick, shyly.

"I am glad to know yo'," she replied.

"There's er wash-basin in ther sink, Mister Slater," said the woman, pointing to the corner of the room; "yo' kin wash, an' by thet time supper'll be reddey."

Dick thanked her; and, making his way to the corner, washed his face and combed his hair.

"Supper's reddey," said Mrs. Morgan, at this juncture.

All sat up to the table and were soon engaged in the pleasing occupation of satisfying their hunger.

Dick was quite hungry, and ate heartily.

The warm bread and fried pork was enjoyed by him more than turkey is enjoyed by most people nowadays.

"By the way, Mr. Morgan," said Dick, presently, "if you have very much of value in the way of provisions, you had better get to work after supper and hide it somewhere."

The man looked at Dick in surprise.

"W'y so?" he queried.

"Because," replied Dick, "the British army is coming this way, and will encamp within a mile of your house to-night, and the soldiers will likely pay your place a visit on a foraging expedition."

CHAPTER II.

A CLEVER IDEA.

"Whut's thet!" cried the farmer.

"Ye don't mean et!" from his wife.

Sadie stared at Dick in a frightened manner.

The youth's statement had caused a sensation.

"Is thet so, shore enuff?" the man asked.

"Yes, indeed," replied Dick.

"How d'yo' know et?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"I saw the men coming," replied Dick.

"Yo' saw 'em comin'?"

"Yes; from the top of the ridge a mile west of here."

"How fur erway wuz they?"

"More than two miles."

"An' how long'll et be afore they git heer?"

"Oh, an hour or more, I should say. They are not

coming directly toward your house, but will pass to the eastward."

"Waal, thet is bad news!" said Mr. Morgan.

"So et is, Joe!" from his wife.

"Aren't yo' afraid they'll do us harm, father?" asked Sadie.

"I dunno's thar's much danger uv thet," was the reply; "they won't hurt us ef we giv' up sech things ez we hev in ther way uv grub an' sech-like."

He looked inquiringly at Dick as he said this, as much as to ask the youth what he thought about the matter.

"I think you are right about that," the youth said; "they will not do you hurt, I am confident."

This seemed to make Mrs. Morgan and Sadie feel better.

"I'll tell you what I would like for you to do, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan," said Dick, after a pause.

They looked at him inquiringly.

"Whut?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"I wish you would let me pass for your son when the redcoats come to the house."

All three looked surprised.

"W'y d'yo' wanter do thet?" the man asked.

"Since you are patriots, I can tell you," replied Dick.

"I am, as I told you, a patriot; more, I am a member of the patriot army, and General Greene has sent me down here on important business. That business is to try and find out where the British army is going, and what General Cornwallis intends to do."

The three had listened with interest.

"Then yo' air a patriot spy!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan.

"Yes," replied Dick; "that is my business at the present time, and in order to do anything in the way of spy work, I must first succeed in getting into the British lines."

"Thet's so," coincided Mr. Morgan; "but I sh'd think thet'd be a mighty dangerous thing ter do."

Dick smiled.

"You're right," he agreed; "there is considerable danger attached to such a proceeding; it is the only thing to do, however, if anything of value is to be learned regarding the plans of the redcoats."

"I judge yo' air right about thet."

"Yes; and now, what about it? Will you let me pose as your son for an hour or two to-night?"

"Uv course!" said Mr. Morgan, heartily. "We'll be glad ter do ennythin' ter he'p yo' erlong."

"Yes, indeed!" declared Mrs. Morgan. "But I don't see how thet is a-goin' ter he'p yo'."

"I'll tell you how it will help me," replied Dick; "it will throw the redcoats entirely off their guard and make them

utterly unsuspecting. You see, I am going to join the army."

"Oh, thet's it?"

"Yes; I'll tell them that I have been wanting to join the British army for some time, and now that the army come right to where I am, I am going to take advantage of the opportunity."

"I see," remarked Mr. Morgan; "thet is er good scheme."

"I think so; and when the redcoats come, be sure to address me the same as if I were really your son."

"Oh, we'll do thet."

"Yes," from Mrs. Morgan, "we'll call yo' Sam, which is the name uv our boy thet is with Marion's band."

"All right," Dick said, with an air of satisfaction; "that will enable me to fool the redcoats nicely, and a patriot spy will be in their midst without their having the least suspicion of the fact."

When they had finished their supper, Dick assisted Mr. Morgan in concealing the larger portion of his store of meat and vegetables.

"Where can I hide my horse?" asked Dick when the work was finished. "I don't want the redcoats to get him."

"Yo' kin take him over into thet leetle clump uv timber yender," was the reply; "I don't think ther redcoats'll be apt ter look thar."

"Hardly," replied Dick; "you'd better take your horse over there, too."

"I'm ergoin' ter do thet; I c'u'dn't git erlong with thet cow, nohow."

Dick and Mr. Morgan made their way to the timber, concealing the horse, the other the cow, and, having tied up the animals, returned to the house.

"Waal, let ther redcoats come," said Mr. Morgan, with an air of satisfaction; "we're ready fur 'em."

Hardly had Mr. Morgan finished speaking when there came a loud rapping on the door.

Then a loud voice called out:

"Hello! hello! Open the door, you folks in there!"

"They are here," said Dick, in a low voice.

"Yo' air right, by jucks!" said Mr. Morgan.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, in a low tone.

Sadie said nothing, but turned pale and looked frightened.

"Don't be afraid," whispered Dick, who sat near her; "they will not hurt you." Then he added:

"Don't forget that I am your brother."

He smiled as he said this, and the girl gave an answering smile.

"Hello! hello!" again cried the voice from the outside. "Open up the door, or we'll open it ourselves!"

Mr. Morgan hastened to the door and opened it. The light from the fire burning in the huge fireplace reached the doorway and shone full upon half a dozen redcoats standing there.

"Hello! Who air you uns?" exclaimed Mr. Morgan, in pretended amazement. "An' whar did yo' cum frum?"

"We are soldiers of the king," replied one of the redcoats; "and we are out on a soliciting expedition."

"A—whut?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"A soliciting expedition. We solicit donations of food supplies, you know; and if you don't happen to be the kind of a man who takes a delight in donating, we help ourselves, anyway."

"Oho! I think I unnerstan'."

"Unless you are very thick-headed, you certainly must understand," was the reply. "What have you in the way of supplies, my friend? Bring it forth at once; don't be backward."

"Waal, I hain't got no great lot uv stuff," was the reply, "but whut I do hev yo' air welcome ter. I'm er loyal man myse'f, an' I'm willin' ter do all I kin ter he'p ther cause erlong."

"So you're a king's man, are you?"

"Yas, I sart'inly am."

"Good! We are glad to hear that."

"An' say," went on Mr. Morgan, in well-assumed eagerness, "I've gotter boy ez hez be'n a-wantin' ter jine ther army fur er long spell. Mebby yo'd let 'im jine, now thet yo' air right heer in ther naborhood."

"So you've a boy who wishes to join the army, eh?"

"Yas; an' he's er likely younker, too—gittin' so big w'n' husky his ole dad kain't handle 'im no more!" with a grin. "Come heer, Sam, an' let ther gentlemen see yo'."

Dick stepped forward and stood beside Mr. Morgan.

The redcoats looked at Dick, searchingly.

The one who had acted as spokesman, so far, seemed to take a dislike to Dick.

This redcoat was rather a sinister-looking fellow.

He was handsome, after a fashion, having dark eyes, regular features and a mustache of which he was evidently proud, for he kept twisting it.

"So you want to join the army, do you?" he remarked. His tone was sneering.

"Yas, thet's whut I want do, mister," replied Dick; "I be'n erwantin' ter jine ther army fur erlong time."

"Humph! Which army?"

"Oh, ther British army, mister, uv course."

A sneering smile appeared on the face of the redcoat.

"Bah!" he cried. "A pretty soldier you'd make; are there any more such here?"

As he spoke he stuck his head through the doorway and looked around the room.

His eyes fell upon Sadie.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Say, boys, if here isn't a pretty girl, then I'm a liar! Old man," to Mr. Morgan, "if it was the girl, now, who wished to join the army, it'd be all right!"

There was something in the redcoat's tone and the look which he bent upon the girl which caused Dick's blood to boil.

He felt like planting his fist squarely between the fellow's eyes.

He restrained himself, however, and managed, with considerable effort, to keep the anger which filled him from showing in his eyes and expression.

The redcoat pushed into the house, without ceremony, shoving Mr. Morgan and Dick aside as he did so.

Again Dick came within an ace of striking the fellow.

He restrained himself, however.

"I'll wait," he thought; "I don't want to get into trouble with these fellows, if I can help it, and perhaps it may not be necessary to do so."

"Come inside, boys!" called out the redcoat. "Come in and see if my judgment regarding this girl is correct. I think she is just about the prettiest girl I have seen in America."

The other redcoats, five in number, entered the house and pausing, looked at Sadie.

There was a different look on their faces, however, from that on the face of their comrade.

The look on their faces was that of honest admiration. It was evident that they were true men—as evident as it was that their comrade was a scoundrel.

Sadie was frightened.

She was embarrassed, as well.

She was pale, and shrank back as if to escape the gaze of the redcoats.

Mrs. Morgan, too, seemed alarmed.

Mr. Morgan was angry, but he knew enough not to say or do anything.

"Say, boys, isn't she a beauty?" cried the redcoat when his comrades had gazed upon Sadie for a few moments. "Didn't I have it right when I said she was pretty?"

"Yes," replied one of the redcoats, "you are right, Larkin, she is pretty."

"She's as sweet as sugar!" cried Larkin. "Jove, fellows, I must have a kiss!"

The redcoat started forward.

Mrs. Morgan rose to her feet, a frightened look on her face.

Sadie also sprang up and retreated toward the corner of the room, her face paler than ever.

Mr. Morgan gave utterance to a muttered exclamation, and took a step forward, but paused and hesitated.

Dick acted.

He leaped forward, and at a single bound placed himself between Sadie and the redcoat.

He put out his hand and made a restraining gesture.

"Hol' on!" he cried, in a sharp, threatening tone. "Ye wanter be keerful, Mister Redcoat!"

The redcoat paused.

He stared at Dick in amazement.

An angry snarl escaped him.

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel!" he cried, fiercely.

"I mean jes' whut I sed, mister!" replied Dick, firmly.

"Oh, you meant what you said, did you?" in a sneering tone.

"Yas."

"That I must be careful, eh?"

"Yas, mister."

A sneer curled the redcoat's lips.

He glared at Dick, fiercely.

Suddenly he took a step toward Dick.

"Out of the way!" he roared.

Dick did not budge.

He stood his ground and looked the other straight in the eyes.

"Did you hear me?" snarled the redcoat.

"Yas, I heerd yo', mister; I hain't deaf."

"Get out of my way!" fiercely.

"Whut'll yo' do ef I git out uv ther way?"

"Why, just what I started out to do—give that pretty girl a kiss! Only, now, I'm going to give her half a dozen."

"Yo' hain't goin' ter do nothin' uv ther kind, mister!"

"Ha! Who'll prevent it?"

"I will!"

"You?"

"Yas, me; I'm ther gal's brother, an' thar don't no-buddy kiss her 'nless she wants 'em ter—not while I'm eroun'!"

The other redcoats clapped their hands approvingly.

"Good for you, young fellow!" cried one. "That's the way to talk! Stand up for your sister, every time!"

"The boy is right!" exclaimed another.

The words of his comrades on top of Dick's words and actions made Larkin wild with rage.

"Out of the way!" he cried. "Out of the way, or I'll kill you, you young hound!"

As he spoke he dropped his hand on the butt of his pistol.

Then something happened.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE CABIN.

Out shot Dick's fist.

It was as quick as a flash of lightning.

The fist alighted fair between the redcoat's eyes.

It was a terrific stroke.

Down went the redcoat, with a thud.

A cry escaped Sadie as the redcoat started to draw his pistol, and now as he went down, knocked to the floor by the powerful blow, the girl gave utterance to a cry of delight.

Exclamations escaped the lips of the other redcoats.

They stared at Dick in open-mouthed amazement.

"Great Scott!"

"That was as clean a blow as ever I saw delivered!"

"You are right about that!"

"And Larkin deserved it, too!"

"Yes, he did."

Dick turned his eyes on the other redcoats in an inquiring manner.

They shook their heads.

"Oh, no; we aren't going to interfere," said one. "Larkin is in the wrong, and got only what he deserved."

"You want to look out for him, though," warned another; "he is an ugly fellow when he gets his mad up, and he will try his hardest to do you harm."

"Thanks," said Dick; "I'll look out fur him."

Larkin was lying on his back on the floor, blinking at the ceiling.

The terrible blow and the shock of the fall had sent his wits wool gathering.

Not long, however.

He was a pretty hard-headed fellow, and presently rose to a sitting posture and looked about him.

He felt between his eyes.

He rubbed the back of his head.

Then his eyes fell upon Dick.

A roar of rage escaped the fellow.

He scrambled hastily to his feet.

"I'll have your life for this!" he cried. "I'll make you wish you had never been born!"

As he gave utterance to the threat he leaped at Dick's throat.

He did not stop to draw a weapon.

Doubtless he thought he would be able to choke the youth to death.

Dick struck out two or three times, but Larkin was coming like a mad bull, and would not be denied.

The blows only made him the more wild and savage.

He succeeded in getting hold of Dick.

The youth was not averse to trying conclusions in this manner, however.

In all his life he had not met his superior in a wrestling contest.

He did not believe he would find it in this enraged Englishman.

Dick got a good hold on the redcoat.

Dick soon saw that Larkin was not a scienced wrestler.

He had grappled with Dick in the expectation that he would prove to be much stronger than the youth.

Here was where he made his mistake.

Dick was phenomenally strong.

Mighty few men were so strong as he.

Larkin was not.

This was soon made evident.

The knowledge was forced upon Larkin.

It made him madder than ever.

He exerted himself to the utmost, in an attempt to throw Dick.

He could not do it.

Then he tried to get hold of the youth's throat.

Here again he failed.

Dick was well versed in all such tricks, and easily thwarted Larkin's designs.

"Curse you! You must be a Samson in disguise!" panted Larkin.

"You will think so before you git through with this peer bizness!" said Dick, grimly.

As may be supposed, the spectators watched the struggle with eager interest.

There was as much surprise manifest in the looks of Mr. Morgan, the supposed father of Dick, as was shown in the faces of the redcoats.

Sadie stood in the corner, her hands clasped, a look of error on her pretty face.

Evidently she feared Dick might get the worst of it.

The face of Mrs. Morgan, too, bore a frightened look.

"Won't yo' make 'em quit?" she asked, addressing the redcoats.

They shook their heads.

"It is better to let them have it out, lady," replied one.

"I don't think you need be afraid for your son. He seems to be amply able to take care of himself."

Larkin heard his comrade say this, and a dark look came over his face.

"Oh, I guess you fellows will be glad to see me get the worst of it!" he snarled.

"Oh, not just that, Larkin," was the calm reply; "but we shed no tears over it, I assure you."

Larkin redoubled his exertions, but only succeeded in making himself all the more tired.

Dick was waiting for the moment when his opponent would be so exhausted as to be unable to offer much resistance to a manoeuvre which he had in view, and when this happened, he took advantage of it.

Just how he did it none of the onlookers could tell, but Dick suddenly began a series of peculiar manoeuvres, and suddenly up in the air went the heels of Larkin.

Dick had got his antagonist in a position for a "cross buttock," and this was the fall he gave the redcoat, turning him, completely over in the air and bringing him to the floor, with a crash.

Dick came down on top of the redcoat with all his weight, and almost crushed the wind out of the fellow.

A long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h-h-h!" escaped the lips of the redcoats, while Mr. Morgan stared in amazement.

"Goody!" murmured Sadie, under her breath, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Jove! that was a clean fall!"

"That's right; the young fellow is a wrestler!"

"He is a wonder!"

"He is too much for Larkin."

Such were a few of the remarks indulged in by Larkin's comrades.

Dick disengaged himself from the hold of his antagonist—this being easy, as Larkin was dazed by the shock of the fall—and rose to his feet.

He did not say a word, but stepped back, and, folding his arms, looked down upon his enemy.

"You will do well to look out for him now," cautioned one of the redcoats; "he may attempt to use his pistol."

"I'll look out fur 'im," said Dick.

Presently Larkin stirred.

Then he slowly rose to a sitting posture and looked around.

He saw the half-smiles on the faces of his comrades, and this made him terribly angry.

Then he saw Dick standing there, and, with an exclamation of rage, Larkin drew a pistol.

He did not get a chance to use it, however.

Dick leaped forward, bent over, and seizing the redcoat by the wrist, gave a twist.

A howl of pain escaped the fellow.

The pistol dropped to the floor.

"There's ladies in heer," said Dick, coldly; "an' yo' mought shoot one uv 'em."

"That's right; don't try any more of that work, Larkin," said one of the redcoats.

"And am I to have no satisfaction?" growled Larkin.

"I'll giv' yo' all ther satisfackshun yo' want ef yo'll come out uv doors," said Dick, quietly.

"With weapons?" asked Larkin.

Dick nodded.

"Yas, with weepins; I'm better with weepins than I am with my fists, an' I guess I kin giv' yo' all ther satisfackshun yo' want—an' mebbly a whole lot more!"

Dick's tone was quiet and calm, his air full of confidence.

Larkin looked at the youth, doubtfully.

He had been so roughly handled that he was shaky and nervous.

He thought that if he went into a battle with this strange youth, with weapons, he might get killed, and this was something which he did not wish to have take place.

He rose to his feet.

Then he turned and faced Dick.

"If you join the army, I shall have plenty of opportunities to get even with you," he said, sulkily; "so I shall let the matter rest for the present."

It evidently cost him an effort to say this, for he knew that his comrades would say that he was afraid to meet the youth.

Larkin glared defiantly into the faces of his comrades, and then stalked out of the room.

Mrs. Morgan and Sadie drew long breaths of relief.

Dick smiled.

"I didn't think he'd be willin' ter giv' et up so," he said.

"Well, you shook him up so badly that he did not feel like going for you with weapons," replied one of the redcoats; "he figured it that if you were as good with weapons as you are with your hands you would be a dangerous foe, and he made up his mind to put off the meeting, if ever he does meet you, till he is in better condition."

"Waal, I'll be ready ter giv' 'im satisfackshun whenever he wants et," said Dick; "an' now, kin I jine ther army?"

The redcoats laughed.

"I rather think you will be allowed to join," said one; "you have certainly proven your abilities as a fighter."

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about that," said another;

"you just come along with us and we will see to it that you are taken into the army."

"I guess General Cornwallis would like to take in a couple of thousand, if such a thing was possible," said another.

"All right, an' thank yo'," said Dick; "I'll go erlong with yo' when yo' go."

"Well, I guess we might as well go right away," was the reply; "we don't want to take anything in the way of provisions away from a family that has just given a fighting man to the cause."

"Won't yo' eat er bite with my folks afore we go?" asked Dick.

He wished to make himself as solid with the redcoats as possible.

"Yes, we shall be pleased to do that," was the reply.

"I'll git somethin' fur yo' right erway," said Mrs. Morgan; and she went to work at once.

Sadie set the table, while her mother cooked some meal, and Mr. Morgan went down in the cellar and brought up a gallon of cider.

When the meal was ready the five redcoats sat up to the table and ate heartily.

The cider pleased them mightily.

They drank it with great gusto.

"That is the best stuff I have drank since coming to America," said one, enthusiastically.

The others coincided with this statement.

When they had finished, the redcoats were in high good humor.

They even went so far as to tell Dick that if they were in his place they would not join the army.

"You get more hard work than gold pieces," one said; "I would advise you to stay here to home, my boy."

The others said the same.

Soldiering isn't what you think it is," another said.

But Dick did not wish to take their advice.

He had a great desire to get into the British army, and this was just the best chance in the world.

It was the only way he could find out what he wished to learn.

So Dick said that he would join, anyway.

"I've allers wanter ter jine," he said; "an' I hain't no ergoin' ter lose ther chance now thet et hez come."

"All right," was the reply, "suit yourself; we were just telling you our views on the subject, that is all. You may like it, for all we know."

"I think I will like et," Dick declared; "I'm ergoin' ter try et, ennyhow."

"All right; get ready, and come along with us, then

"I'm ready now."

Then the redcoats shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Sadie.

"You must not judge us by our hot-headed comrade, Larkin," said one; "we are gentlemen, and we are glad our son here gave Larkin a good thrashing. He has been needing a lesson for a long time."

Then Dick shook hands with Mr. Morgan.

"Good-by, dad," he said; "I'll try an' do credit ter my name."

Then he shook hands with Mrs. Morgan.

"Good-by, mother," he said, with a smile, which the redcoats did not see. Then he gave her a kiss and passed on to Sadie.

"Good-by, sis," he said, taking the girl's hand and pressing it; "here's a kiss from brother Sam;" and he gave Sadie a kiss upon her full, red lips.

The girl blushed so furiously that Dick was afraid the redcoats might notice it and become suspicious, as a girl could not be supposed to be embarrassed by being kissed by her own brother.

The youth turned attention away from Sadie, however, bustling around and telling the redcoats that he was ready.

A few moments later the six left the house, and, with "good-by!" to the three inmates of the cabin, struck out in the direction of the encampment of the British.

CHAPTER IV.

CAUGHT SPYING.

It was only about a mile to the encampment, and they were not long in getting there.

Dick bunked down with the five redcoats, with whom he now felt acquainted, and in the morning he was enrolled as a soldier in the British army, and was given a uniform and musket.

He pretended to feel very proud, and managed to amuse his comrades by his remarks.

He marched with the British army that day, and as he was accustomed to hardships, stood the fatigue of the marching as well as any of the men.

Dick had made judicious inquiries during the day, and when night came, and they went into camp, he knew just where General Cornwallis' tent was pitched.

"If possible, I must do some spy work in the vicinity of that tent," he thought. "Jove! I wish General Corn-

wallis would hold a council of war to-night, and I could overhear the conversation."

Dick sat by the fire for an hour or so after supper, and talked with his companions.

Then he got up, stretched, and said he guessed he would take a stroll about the encampment.

He walked slowly around, going first in one direction and then another in a seemingly aimless fashion.

He was gradually nearing General Cornwallis' tent, however.

He kept his eyes on this tent and was delighted to see that three of the officers went there.

"Jove! I believe they are going to hold a council of war," he thought. "I hope so, and if I can succeed in overhearing their conversation I will be all right."

It so happened that Cornwallis' tent was near one side of the encampment and was close to some trees, which cast a dark shadow over the tent, making it darker there than elsewhere.

There was no moon, but it was a clear night and the stars shone brightly.

Dick presently reached the strip of dense shadow back of the tent.

Here he paused.

He had moved in such a careless, aimless fashion that he did not think he had attracted the attention of any of the redcoats.

Of course, a good many of the redcoats had noticed him, but the glances which they gave him were merely casual.

The sound of voices came from within the tent.

He stole forward and took up a position right beside the tent.

He could hear and understand every word that was spoken.

Dick soon discovered that it was as he had expected.

The British officers were holding a council of war.

Dick listened intently and eagerly.

So interested, indeed, was Dick that he had no ears for anything save the conversation of the men within the tent.

In supposing that his action in disappearing from sight in the darkness back of General Cornwallis' tent had not attracted particular attention, Dick made a mistake.

The eyes of hate had been upon him.

Larkin had been seated at a nearby camp-fire when Dick sauntered away.

Presently he rose and followed the youth.

Larkin could hardly have explained why he did this.

Perhaps his dislike for Dick caused him to be suspicious.

It might be that he thought the youth might wander into

the edge of the timber and thus give him a chance to knock him on the head.

Be that as it may, he followed the youth.

He was careful to keep at a safe distance so as not to attract Dick's attention.

When Dick disappeared in the darkness back of Cornwallis' tent, Larkin's eyes were upon him.

Larkin stood still and waited for Dick to reappear.

He waited perhaps half a minute and then as Dick did not come into view from behind the tent, the watcher became suspicious.

"Jove! I wonder what he is doing there so long?" Larkin asked himself. "Can it be possible the fellow is spying?"

This thought gave Larkin a start.

"Jove! I wish I could catch him listening and then show him up," he thought. "That would be a good revenge."

The thought thrilled Larkin with delight.

He made up his mind to see whether or not the youth was listening to the conversation of Cornwallis and his officers, who, as he knew, were in the tent.

Having come to a decision, Larkin hastened to put his plan into effect.

He made his way to and into the timber at a point perhaps fifty yards from Cornwallis' tent.

Then Larkin stole along through the timber, keeping close to the open space in which the camp was located.

When he came to the point immediately back of Cornwallis' tent, he paused and listened.

He strained his eyes in an effort to see the form of the youth whom he hated and suspected.

It was so dark, however, that he could see nothing.

"I'll wager he's there, though," said Larkin to himself; "and if I can only find him and catch him in the act of playing spy, it will be splendid revenge."

Larkin stepped out from among the trees and stole toward the tent.

He moved very slowly and was careful to make no noise whatever.

Larkin was nearly ten minutes in making his way from the edge of the timber to the tent, a distance of not to exceed sixty feet.

He was within two yards of the tent when he suddenly made a discovery.

His eyes had become accustomed to the darkness to such an extent that he was enabled to make out a dark form lying beside the tent.

Larkin came very near shouting aloud in triumph.

That the dark form was that of the youth whom he hated, Larkin had not the least doubt.

He stood still for an instant, hesitating.

He was asking himself what would be the best plan of procedure.

Larkin had had sufficient experience with Dick to be aware of the fact that he was an exceedingly hard fellow to handle.

So he hesitated to leap upon the youth.

He thought of slipping back and getting two or three of his comrades to come to his aid before attacking Dick, but dismissed this idea immediately.

While he was gone, Dick might slip away and Larkin would lose this golden opportunity of showing up the youth whom he hated.

That would not do at all.

Come what might, he must take advantage of the opportunity and prove to all the fact that the youth was engaged in spying upon Cornwallis and his officers.

Then a thought came to Larkin.

He could leap upon the youth and sound an alarm at the same time.

Certainly he would be able to hold the youth until some of his comrades came to his assistance, Larkin thought.

The youth would be taken by surprise and at a disadvantage, anyway, Larkin reasoned, and would not be able to make so vigorous resistance as might be the case under more favorable circumstances.

Having made up his mind, Larkin decided to act at once. Larkin gathered himself together and made the leap.

He alighted squarely upon Dick's prostrate form.

He seized the youth, and bearing down upon him with all his might, Larkin set up a shout.

"A spy! A spy!" he yelled. "Help! help! Come and help me capture the spy!"

Instantly all was excitement.

Redcoats leaped up from the camp-fires and came running toward the spot from all directions.

There was a sound of shuffling feet within Cornwallis' tent.

For once in his life Dick had been taken entirely by surprise.

He had felt so secure that he had centred all his attention on the tent.

The result was that when Larkin leaped upon him he yelled, "A spy! a spy!" it came to Dick like a thunderclap from a clear sky.

Although taken by surprise, Dick was not disposed tamely to submit to capture.

He began struggling fiercely.

He thought he recognized the voice of his assailant.

"It is Larkin," he said to himself; "he must have caught and followed me."

This knowledge served to inspire Dick with unusual strength.

He realized what a triumph it would be for Larkin if he succeeded in showing Dick up as a spy and effecting his capture.

Dick was determined that this should not take place if he could help it.

So he fought with fierce energy.

He was alive to the situation.

He fully understood that he had but a very few moments which to work.

He knew that the redcoats were rushing to the spot.

If they got there before he succeeded in freeing himself from Larkin's grasp, it would all be up with him.

Dick heard the shuffling of feet within the tent, also, and knew that the officers would be outside in a few moments.

Dick was desperate.

He handled Larkin roughly.

Just as the officers, sword in hand, came rushing around the tent, Dick succeeded in placing his feet against the stomach of his assailant.

Dick was underneath and his legs were doubled up.

He straightened his legs with a quick, strong movement, the result being that Larkin was hurled against General Cornwallis who was knocked down by the impact, Larkin coming down on top of the British commander with considerable force.

An inspiration came to Dick.

Quick as a flash he lifted the edge of the tent and rolled under it and into the tent.

Dick was on his feet quick as a flash, and, leaping to the front of the tent, dashed through the opening.

As he did so he came face to face with a score of redcoats who were rushing to the scene.

"They've got him!" cried Dick, pointing back over his shoulder. "Hurry and help 'em!"

The redcoats, never suspecting that Dick was the person who had caused all the trouble, rushed around the tent and colliding with the officers who had started to rush back, there was a general mix-up.

Amid the darkness and confusion it was hard to tell who was who, and by the time they had got straightened out and discovered that the spy had escaped them, Dick had reached the edge of the timber.

Larkin caught sight of Dick, however, just as the youth

was disappearing from sight among the trees, and he set up a terrible howl.

"Yonder he goes! There's the spy!" he yelled. "Hurry and give chase! Don't let him escape! It's that young scoundrel, Sam Morgan, who joined the army this morning."

With wild shouts the redcoats rushed after Dick.

"Don't let him escape!" roared General Cornwallis, who had just recovered his breath, Larkin having knocked it pretty nearly all out of the gentleman when he fell upon his superior officer.

"Fifty pounds to the man who captures the spy! Fifty pounds to the man who brings him back, dead or alive!"

With wild cheers, the redcoats dashed into the timber.

Fifty pounds was a good deal of money.

It was certainly enough to incite the soldiers to make strenuous efforts to capture the fleeing youth.

They dashed through the timber as rapidly as they dared.

There was danger of running against a tree in the darkness and knocking one's self senseless, so they had to be careful.

"Spread out!" cried one of the redcoats. "He may double and get back past us if we stay in a bunch."

The redcoats did as their comrade had suggested.

They spread out, fan-shape, and had Dick desired to do so, he could scarcely have got back past them.

But Dick had no desire to do this.

He had confidence in his ability to get away from the redcoats so he ran straight onward.

He could hear the redcoats yelling and calling out to one another.

"Let them yell," he murmured; "they won't catch me now."

Dick was going in an easterly direction.

He knew this, and continued in that direction only till sure that he had left the redcoats a goodly distance behind.

Then he turned almost squarely to the left and made his way in a northerly direction.

Dick knew that in this direction would be found the patriot army.

He did not believe the patriot encampment would be more than five or six miles distant.

He knew that it was General Greene's intention to follow close upon the heels of the British.

Dick continued in this direction perhaps fifteen minutes, and then he struck into a road which ran toward the north.

Dick remembered the road.

He struck out up the road at a goodly pace.

"The probabilities are that our boys will be encamped close beside the road," Dick thought; "so all I will have

to do will be to keep pegging away and I will eventually reach the camp."

Dick walked steadily onward for more than an hour.

Presently he came to the top of a hill, and, pausing, looked ahead into the darkness.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Dick, joyously; "I see the light of the camp-fires, yonder. It can't be more than a mile to the encampment now."

Dick hastened onward.

Fifteen minutes later he was challenged by a sentinel.

Ten minutes after that he was in General Greene's tent.

CHAPTER V.

A SPY CAPTURES A SPY.

General Greene was seated at a little portable desk, writing, when Dick was ushered into his presence.

He looked up when he heard Dick's name announced.

A pleased look was on his face.

"What! Back so soon, Dick?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, General Greene," replied Dick.

"And what success?"

"I have been as successful as could be, sir."

"Ah! Then you learned the plans of the British?"

"Yes, sir; so far as they themselves know them."

"Ah! What has General Cornwallis in view? Where is he headed for?"

"He is headed for Wilmington, sir."

"For Wilmington?"

"Yes, sir."

The tone of General Greene's voice showed that its owner was surprised by this information.

He was silent for some minutes.

Evidently he was pondering the situation.

"I supposed, of course, that Cornwallis was headed for South Carolina," Greene remarked, presently.

"They talked that matter over when holding the council of war that I overheard," replied Dick; "but Cornwallis said that he did not have sufficient force to risk going down there. The matter was discussed pro and con."

"And they finally decided to go to Wilmington, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did they say anything about what they intended doing, then?"

"They talked the matter over, but did not seem to have much idea what they would do then."

"I see. They will go to Wilmington first, and then make their further plans later on."

"Yes; they figure it that you will follow them."

Greene nodded.

"I judged that was the case," he said; "well, we will follow them a bit."

Dick looked surprised.

General Greene saw this.

"I will tell you what I have made up my mind to do, Dick," the general said. "I have decided to go down into South Carolina and let Cornwallis go on his way unmolested."

"That will be a big surprise to him, I know; for I heard them talking, and in all their conversation they never seemed to doubt for a moment that you would follow them."

"Well, I shall not do so—only just far enough so that I can take a cut across to South Carolina handily. Let me see;" and he drew a rude map to him and began poring over it.

"Ah! here is the proper place to strike across," Greene said, presently; "at Ramsay's Mills, on the forks of the Cape Fear River. You see, the British still have contrabands of South Carolina, and their main garrisons are at Camden, Augusta and Ninety-Six. I shall strike for Camden, where the largest garrison is there. I judge there is a force of one thousand there under command of Lord Rawdon."

At this instant Dick's quick ear detected a sound just without the tent, and remembering his own trick of listening behind the tent of General Cornwallis, the youth suddenly rose and stepped out of the tent.

He rushed around behind the tent, and as he did so a dark figure leaped up and started to run away.

Dick leaped forward and seized the person, however, and a terrible struggle ensued.

"A spy, General Greene!" said Dick, as the general came rushing around to see what was going on.

"Can you handle him, Dick?" cried the general, eagerly.

"If not, I will help you."

"I can handle him, sir," replied Dick.

A snarl came from the man who had been caught spying, and he made herculean efforts to get free, but it was of no use.

He was dealing with one who was up to all the tricks.

Dick worked away, and presently succeeded in getting him into the hold he had been working to obtain.

He then suddenly threw the fellow with terrible force and fell upon him, knocking the wind out of him.

Indeed, such was the shock of the jar that the fellow was temporarily stunned, and before he recovered control of

faculties Dick had bound his hands with his handker-
f.

hen Dick rose and jerked the fellow to his feet.
I have him safe, now, General Greene," said Dick;
at will you do with him?"

Bring him into the tent, Dick; I wish to ask him a few
questions."

All right, sir."

taking hold of the prisoner's arm, Dick led him into
tent.

General Greene preceded them and was seated at his
k when they entered the tent.

le—and Dick as well—eyed the prisoner with interest.
le was a man of perhaps thirty-five, and was dressed in
zen's clothing.

There was something about the fellow which betokened
itary training, however.

le stood erect, and if he was frightened, his face did
show it.

General Greene and Dick were both confident the man
a British spy.

Well," said General Greene, sternly, after completing
survey of the man, "who are you?"

The man laughed, shortly.

What signifies the name?" he said. "Call me John
ith."

f course, this was not his name.

Why were you listening behind the tent?"

I listening behind the tent?"

he fellow tried to look innocent.

Yes," sternly, "you were listening."

he fellow shook his head.

I assure you, you are mistaken," he said; "I wasn't
oning."

reene and Dick both looked incredulous.

What were you doing there, then?" the general asked.

I was simply walking past the tent."

Walking past it?"

Yes; and this young fellow rushed out and leaped upon

That is false, General Greene," said Dick, quietly; "the
w was lying down right beside the tent, for when I
ed around there he was just rising to his feet."

You see," said General Greene, sternly, "you might as
make a clean breast of it and acknowledge that you are
itish spy!"

he man shook his head.

Oh, no; I can't acknowledge that," he said, "for I'm
you know."

ou are, I know!"

General Greene spoke positively.

A sullen look came over the man's face.

"I suppose it is no use for me to deny what you say,"
he said; "you would not believe me."

"No, I would not. You are a spy, and, Dick, you did
an exceedingly good thing in capturing the fellow. Had
you not done so, he would have returned to the British
army and reported my plans to Cornwallis."

The man turned his eyes upon Dick, and looked at the
youth, searchingly.

"You are Dick Slater?" he asked.

"That is my name."

"Very well; I will remember you, Dick Slater, and if I
ever get the chance, will settle with you for this work!"

"Yes, if you ever get the chance," said Dick, signifi-
cantly.

"You are in no position to make threats, my friend,"
said General Greene, somewhat severely. "You doubtless
know the fate that awaits a spy when captured by the
enemy."

The man's face paled.

"But I am not a spy," he hastened to say.

It was evident that he was beginning to realize the fact
that he was in a tight place.

General Greene shook his head when the man said he
was not a spy, and said:

"There, my man, it is useless for you to deny. You
were caught in the act."

Then he was silent a few moments, studying.

"We must not take any chance of letting this man es-
cape and get back to the British army," he said, presently,
in a musing tone, as if speaking his thoughts aloud.

Then he looked at Dick.

"Dick," he said, "take the prisoner and turn him over to
Sergeant Sharpley, with instructions to take all possible
precautions to prevent the man from escaping. Tell him
that the prisoner is a spy, and that it is very important that
he be not allowed to get back to his army."

"Very well, General Greene."

Dick started, holding the arm of the prisoner, and as
they left the tent, General Greene called out:

"Return and report, Dick."

"Very well, sir."

Dick conducted the prisoner to Sergeant Sharpley, and
left him in the sergeant's charge, after delivering General
Greene's message.

"Tell the general that I will see to it that the prisoner
doesn't escape," said the sergeant.

"All right; I'll tell him."

Then Dick returned to General Greene's tent.

"Well, Dick, did you deliver the prisoner into the hands of Sergeant Sharpley?" the general asked.

"Yes, sir; and he said for me to say to you that he would see to it that the prisoner does not escape."

"Good! Jove! but it was lucky that you discovered the presence of the spy and captured him. How did you know he was there, Dick?"

"I heard a noise, and thought it sounded like some one stirring outside the tent."

"You must have good hearing. I heard nothing."

"I was nearer the side of the tent where the man was than you."

"True. Well, Dick, I've been thinking while you were absent."

Dick said nothing, but looked at the general in an expectant manner.

He knew it was not necessary to ask questions.

General Greene was silent a few moments, and then said:

"How would you like another job of spying, Dick?"

"I would like it first-rate, sir."

"Good! Then I think I shall make use of your services in that line, my boy."

Again the general was silent for a few moments.

Then he said:

"Dick, I am going to send you to Wilmington."

Dick started.

"To Wilmington?"

"Yes; I wish you to go there and make an effort to learn what Cornwallis intends doing."

"Very good, sir; when shall I start?"

"You may as well wait till we turn off, at Ramsay's Mill, and then you can continue on in the wake of the British."

"Very well, sir."

"Learn Cornwallis' plans if you possibly can do so, Dick; but don't take any long chances."

Ramsay's Mill was reached at noon the next day.

Dick parted company with the patriot army at that point.

He continued onward in the wake of the retreating British.

The patriot army turned aside and headed in a south-westerly direction, toward Camden in South Carolina.

The soldiers gave Dick a cheer as he rode away.

He waved his hat in response, and then galloped around a bend and was out of sight.

He had ridden about two miles when suddenly four men leaped out in the road in front of him, and, leveling pistols, called out:

"Stop! or you are a dead man!"

CHAPTER VI.

BIG ANDROS' BAND.

The first thought that flashed through Dick's mind that he would keep right on and ride the fellows down.

Then he thought it would be better not to take chances.

They had their pistols out and leveled, and could have failed to hit him at such a short distance.

So he quickly reined up his horse and came to a stop within two yards of the men.

"Well, well! What does this mean?" he cried. "Can not a man ride along the highway in peace?"

"Just keep quiet, young fellow," replied one of the men. "we will do what talking is necessary."

"Oh, you will?"

"Yes."

Dick had eyed the men searchingly, and was somewhat puzzled by their appearance.

He did not believe they were British soldiers, for they did not have uniforms on, nor did they bear themselves like soldiers.

He decided that they were probably Tories.

"Jump down off that horse!" ordered one of the men. Dick hesitated.

He was tempted to try to make a dash through the group and escape.

There was a look in their eyes which told him this would be dangerous, however.

"Better git down!" said another.

Dick decided to obey.

He alighted.

The men quickly bound his arms together behind his back.

Then one took the bridle-rein and led Dick's horse, while two took the youth by the arms and the other led the group all striking into the timber.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Dick.

"You'll find out presently," was the reply.

Fifteen minutes later they came out into an open glade in the forest.

In the centre, lying on blankets spread upon the ground, were a score of rough-looking men.

They were smoking and talking, and laughing boisterously.

"I guess I'm in for it," thought Dick; "this looks like a regular Tories' nest."

As the four men advanced with their prisoner, the

opped talking and turned their attention to the newcomers.

A huge, black-bearded giant of a fellow, a ruffian if ever there was one, rose as the party drew near.

"Hello, boys! Who hev ye thar?" he asked.

"We dunno, cap," was the reply; "we saw 'im ridin' along the road like he hed bizness sumwhars, an' we topped 'im."

"Thet wuz right."

The man then turned his attention upon Dick.

He eyed the youth, searchingly.

Dick bore the scrutiny unflinchingly.

"Who in blazes air yo', ennyway?" he asked.

"A traveler," replied Dick; "and I protest against being treated in this manner. "What right have——"

"Ther right uv might," was the reply; "don't git onto er high hoss, young feller, fur et won't do no good."

"Who are you?" asked Dick.

"Oho! yo' think yo'll do some questionin' yo'self, hey? Waal, I don' min' tellin' yo' who I am. I'm Big Andros, an' this heer is my gang."

Dick started.

He had heard of Big Andros and his gang.

He had heard it said that they were a band of cut-throats and robbers.

They were neither patriots nor Tories, but marauders, preying on unprotected families wherever found.

"Yo've heer'n tell uv us, hey?" grinned Big Andros, shrewdly.

"Yes, I have," replied Dick, boldly; "I've heard it said that you are a band of robbers and cut-throats who ought to have been hanged long ago!"

A dark frown came over the ruffian's face.

"See heer, yo' hed better be keerful whut yo' say!" he warned. "I'm a mighty bad man when I'm riled."

"I'm only telling you what people say. I'm not responsible for that, am I?"

"No, I s'pose not. An' whut else did yo' heer said erbout s'?"

"That you were a gang of cowards, and that you never attack anybody save unprotected women and children, or perhaps an old man."

A hoarse growl of rage went up from the men.

"I don' blame yo' fur bein' mad, boys," Big Andros said, addressing his men. Then he spoke to Dick:

"An' whut d'yo' think erbout et?"

"I really have not had much opportunity to form an opinion."

"Waal, whut d'yo' think, off-han', without stoppin' ter gger on et?"

"Well, to judge by the looks of yourself and your gang, I should feel inclined to think that what I have heard regarding you is the truth!"

Another hoarse growl went up from the men.

They glared at Dick in an angry and ferocious manner.

Big Andros himself became very angry.

"Say, yo' air ther sassiest youngster thet ever I seen!" he cried. "Don' yo' know yo' air runnin' a big risk in talkin' like thet?"

"You asked me for an honest opinion, and I gave it," replied Dick. "You are to blame, not I."

"Shoot 'im!"

"Hang 'im!"

"Cut 'im up inter dog meat!"

Such were a few of the exclamations indulged in by the members of Big Andros' band.

If they thought to frighten Dick, they made a mistake.

He was not the kind to be frightened by words.

He simply smiled in a scornful manner.

"Say, d'yo' know whut I've er min' ter do?" asked Andros.

Dick shook his head.

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then I'll tell yo': I've er min' ter tie yo' up ter er lim' by yo' thumbs and let yo' hang thar till yo' are willin' ter say thet yo' think we hev be'n slandered by ther people yo' hev heerd speak uv us, and thet yo' think we air ther nicest and bravest fellers whut yo' ever seen!"

Dick made no reply to this.

His teeth came together firmly, however, and there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

"Thet's ther thing ter do, cap'n!" cried several. "Le's do et!"

"All right; go erhead, boys!"

Instantly half a dozen of the scoundrels leaped to their feet and advanced to where Dick stood.

A couple of ropes were handed to them, and they quickly tied the ropes about the youth's thumbs.

Then they led him under a tree and threw the ropes over a limb.

Three or four men seized each of the ropes, and then when another of their number cut the rope which bound Dick's wrists, the men gave a quick, sharp pull on the ropes and jerked the youth's arms high up above his head.

The scoundrels kept on pulling, and were lifting Dick on up, off the ground, when there came the rattle of musketry, followed by the cheer which Dick knew so well—the cheer used by the "Liberty Boys" when going into battle!

CHAPTER VII.

THE "LIBERTY BOYS" ON HAND.

The band of Big Andros was taken completely by surprise.

They had not suspected that they were in danger.

The actions of the fellows, under fire, justified the reports that Dick had heard regarding them.

They did not try to stand their ground and show fight.

Instead, they rushed wildly into the timber, leaving their muskets lying on the ground.

Dick, who was left free to do as he wished, stepped behind the tree so as to be out of range, and called out:

"Give them another volley, boys!"

Crash—roar!

Again the volley rang out.

It was impossible to say whether or not this second volley had done any damage, as the ruffians were disappearing through the timber.

The first had brought down a couple of the men, however, one dead, the other wounded.

It was indeed the "Liberty Boys" who had come to Dick's assistance in such a timely manner.

"How happens it that you are here, Bob?" asked Dick, in surprise.

"General Greene gave us permission to come out on a scouting expedition, Dick," was the reply; "and we set out soon after you did. We came around the bend in the road just as those scoundrels were leading you into the timber, and followed."

"Ah, I see. Well, it was lucky for me that you came."

"Yes, I think they were a gang of scoundrels; they were about to hang you up by the thumbs, weren't they?"

Dick nodded.

He had just succeeded in removing the ropes from his thumbs.

The members were red, and the skin had been torn in one or two places.

"Yes, the scoundrels would have caused me considerable trouble, I think," said Dick; "they were the band of Big Andros, and you know it is said that they are merciless."

"And it was Big Andros and his gang?" exclaimed Bob. "Jove! I am glad now that we got a couple of them!" with a glance at the two who were lying near. "We didn't aim to kill any of them, but I wish now that we had all fired to kill. Such fellows are better dead than alive and robbing and murdering."

"You are right, Bob."

Then Dick stepped to the side of the two prostrate forms. He stooped and examined them, by feeling over the heads, and found that both were dead.

"Dig a hole and bury them, boys," he said; and several of the youths went to work, using their bayonets.

The ground was soft, and they soon had quite an excavation.

The two bodies were placed in the hole and covered up.

Dick had placed a couple of the "Liberty Boys" on guard, to prevent a surprise by Big Andros' men, but they had had all they wanted, and did not return.

"I guess the people told the truth when they said Andros and his men were cowards," said Dick.

"It looks that way," agreed Bob.

"Well, I must be going," said Dick, after a few minutes' conversation with his comrades.

"Hadn't we better go a ways with you, old man?" queried Bob. "Andros and his gang might try to hang you off, and then go for you again."

"I don't think there is any danger of that, Bob; they were too badly frightened. I doubt if they have stopped running yet."

Then Dick mounted his horse, and, bidding the youths good-by, rode back to the road, and turning into it, urged his horse onward at a gallop.

He had gone scarcely a mile when out into the road leaped Big Andros and his gang.

"Stop!" roared Andros. "Stop, or you are a dead man!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WOMAN WITH THE GUN.

But Dick did not stop.

He had had one experience with Andros, and did not wish to have another.

He preferred to make a dash for liberty and risk being shot.

He held the scoundrels in contempt, anyway.

He had had proof that they were arrant cowards, and believed that he was a match for the entire gang.

So he whipped out his pistols and fired, point-blank, at the ruffians, at the same time plunging the spurs in the flanks of his horse.

Andros and one of his men went down, with howls of pain and rage.

The horse, giving vent to snorts of pain and rage, leaped

ward on the run and dashed through the crowd, knocking down several of the scoundrels.

Two or three on the outskirts of the crowd fired at Dick, but they were excited, and their aim was bad—if, indeed, they took any aim at all.

With a defiant yell, Dick rode down the road like a whirlwind.

Answering yells of rage came from the disappointed ruffians.

They had figured on capturing Dick and putting him through a course of sprouts, as they had attempted to do when the "Liberty Boys" interrupted the proceedings.

"Yell, you cowardly hounds!" murmured Dick. "You won't get another chance at me soon again, and if my Liberty Boys' hear you, and come down and find you, they'll make you wish you had gone on about your business!" Dick felt somewhat elated.

He had got a shot at Andros, and had, he was sure, wounded the ruffian.

He had escaped being wounded by the bullets of the scoundrels.

He had a right to feel elated.

He rode steadily onward for an hour.

Then he stopped at a farmhouse.

He dismounted and tied his horse, and advanced to the house.

As he reached the door, and before he could knock upon the door suddenly opened and the youth found himself looking into the muzzle of a rifle.

A tall, gaunt, grim-visaged woman of perhaps forty years of age held the rifle, and there was shoot in her eyes. "Whut d'yo' want heer?" the woman asked.

Dick was amazed, but did not show any signs of trepidation or fear.

Instead, he smiled, and, doffing his hat, bowed.

"I wished to ask for a drink of water, madam," he said, politely.

The woman's face cleared.

She frowned left it.

He seemed to be a bit suspicious, however.

"Say, yo' hain't one uv them thar sojer fellers, air you?" she asked, doubtfully.

Dick smiled again.

"You mean one of the kind who wear a red coat?" he asked.

"Thet's whut I meen; them's ther on'y kin' uv sojers I've seen—an' I don' wanter see no more uv 'em!"

"Have they been along here?" Dick asked.

"Hev they? Yas, they hev! An' they tuck 'mos' ever-

thin' on ther place thet wuz fit ter eet, an' I don' know how we uns air goin' ter keep frum starvin'."

"That was bad," said Dick; "how long since they passed here?"

"'Bout three hours, I guess."

Dick had learned just what he wished to know.

"Well, I am not one of those fellows, nor am I anything like them; and if you will give me a drink, I will be going, madam," said Dick.

The woman had lowered the rifle, and now she set it up against the wall and said:

"Jes' step aroun' ter ther back uv ther cabin; ther well's thar, an' yo' kin hev er fresh drink."

Dick obeyed, and found the woman at the well, she having gone out at the back door.

The woman started to draw a bucket of water, but Dick took the rope out of her hand and drew it himself.

"I'm stronger than you," he said.

"Yo' air er diffrent kin' uv er young man frum them sojers thet wuz heer," the woman said; "they talked mean an' sassy ter me, and made me he'p kerry things up outer the cellar."

Dick drank out of a gourd dipper, and found the water to be fine.

He thanked the woman, and then with a "good-by," stepped around the corner of the cabin and started toward the road.

As he did so he heard yells and pistol shots, and looking up the road saw a horseman approaching at the best speed of his horse, and behind him came four redcoats also on horseback.

The redcoats were doing the yelling and shooting.

CHAPTER IX.

DICK SAVES THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND.

"Great guns! here is more trouble!" thought Dick.

He immediately made up his mind to render the stranger all the assistance in his power.

He did not know the man, but he knew that the pursuers were redcoats, and his enemies, and that was sufficient.

The man was dressed in citizen's clothes, so was probably some patriot who had earned the anger of the redcoats in some manner—so Dick decided.

As these thoughts flashed through Dick's mind he was advancing toward the gate in front of the house, and sud-

denly the door of the cabin came open and the woman came rushing forth, rifle in hand.

"Thet is my husban'!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, he'p me save my husban' frum them sojers!"

"I will help your husband, madam," said Dick, drawing his pistols; "you had better go back into the cabin. You might get hit with a bullet."

"No, no; I kin shoot ez good ez er man. I'll stay out heer an' he'p yo'!"

Onward came the fugitive.

After him came the redcoats still yelling.

They had undoubtedly seen Dick and the woman, but evidently did not consider them dangerous.

They were soon to discover their mistake, however.

"Let me have the rifle, madam," said Dick; "I think I can drop one of those fellows from his horse."

The woman handed the weapon to Dick.

"Kill one uv 'em uf yo' kin!" she said, grimly. "They've be'n doin' ther best ter kill my ole man."

Dick made no reply, but leveling the rifle, took careful aim at the foremost redcoat.

Crack!

The redcoat gave utterance to a yell of pain, and throwing up his hands, tumbled from his horse.

"Good!" cried the woman. "Good! yo' fotched him, an' I'm glad uv et!"

The other redcoats uttered wild yells of rage, and lashed their horses forward at increased speed.

The woman's husband had reached the spot by this time and bringing the horse to a stop, he leaped to the ground and rushed through the gateway.

"Cum inter ther cabin, quick!" he cried. "We'll be killed ef we don't git inside."

"You folks go in," said Dick; "I'll stand my ground here by the fence. I think I am more than a match for the three of them."

As Dick spoke, he drew his pistols.

"Yo' go in, Mary," said the man; "I'll stay with ther young feller."

"Yes, go in, madam," said Dick; "we two will be more than a match for them, for they have discharged their pistols, while mine are loaded. I hold the lives of two of them at my mercy, if they come close enough."

The woman walked toward the house, slowly and reluctantly, however.

"Ef et comes ter a han'-t'-han' fight, I kin he'p," she said.

When the redcoats saw that Dick and the man whom they had been chasing were going to stand their ground, it caused them to slacken the speed of their horses.

They had not expected this.

They shrewdly suspected that the young fellow with the pistols in his hands would prove to be a formidable antagonist.

They had already had one sample of his marksmanship, and did not care about putting the matter to a further test.

They brought their horses to a full stop just out of pistol-shot distance.

Dick smiled, grimly.

"That is a wise move on your part, my fine fellows!" he said.

The redcoats seemed to be talking to each other, but Dick's eyes were good, and he quickly saw what they were doing.

"They are loading their pistols!" he exclaimed. "If we let them do that they will have the advantage of us, so I must put a stop to it."

As he spoke he sprang through the open gateway and ran up the road at the top of his speed, directly toward the redcoats.

He had covered a third of the distance before the redcoats noticed what he was doing, and when they saw him they gave vent to startled cries, and whirled their horses, rode away, up the road at a gallop, lashing their horses to the best speed of which they were capable.

Dick fired a shot after the fleeing men, but did not hit either of them.

Indeed, he did not expect to do so.

His object was to give them a fright that would cure them of any desire to return.

In this it seemed probable that he would be successful, for the redcoats did not slacken the speed of their horses while in sight of Dick; when they disappeared around a bend in the road they were still going at their best speed.

"Waal, yo' kinder skeered 'em out, young feller!" said the man, who had followed Dick.

"Yes," replied Dick, with a smile; "they do seem to be a bit frightened."

"Yo' bet they air! They air goin' erway faster'n they come, an' thet's sayin' er good deal, fur they wuz chasin' me like all git out."

"Let's see how badly wounded this one is," said Dick, and he led the way to where the redcoat lay groaning.

Dick made an examination, and found that the bullet had hit the man in the shoulder, making a severe, but not necessarily fatal wound.

"I guess we'll have to take him to your house and make him as comfortable as possible," the youth said.

"I s'pose so," was the somewhat glum reply; "but et"

purty hard ter hef ter take keer uv a feller whut hez be'n a-chasin' yo', an' tryin' ter kill yo'."

"True," agreed Dick; "but we can hardly do less under the circumstances."

The two carried the wounded redcoat to the house and placed him on a cot in one corner.

Then Dick, who was skilled at such work, dressed the wound.

"There; you'll be all right, now," he said, when he had finished.

"I hope so!" the wounded man groaned.

"Whut'll we do ef ther redcoats come heer?" asked the man.

"Tell them that if they will agree not to bother you, you will let them remove their wounded comrade," replied Dick; "and if they won't promise, tell them that if they attempt to trouble you, you will kill him."

"Thet's whut I'll do!" the man declared.

Then Dick bade them good-by, though not before the woman had thanked the youth for saving the life of her husband—for that he had done so was certain.

Dick mounted his horse and rode on up the road in the direction taken by the three redcoats.

"I am liable to meet those fellows," he thought; "so I will have to be ready for war."

He had reloaded his pistol and so felt that he was ready to do battle, if the necessity arose.

He rounded the bend in the road and looked ahead.

The redcoats were not in sight.

"That is strange," thought Dick; "I wonder where they have gone?"

At this instant, bang! bang! bang! went three pistol shots, coming from the timber at the side of the road, and off his horse tumbled Dick!

CHAPTER X.

AN ILL-FAVORED HOST.

The horse ran but a short distance, and then, with rare sagacity, came to a stop.

Out from the edge of the timber now rushed the three redcoats.

They had played a sharp trick.

Suspecting that the young man who had put them to flight back at the cabin might come their way, they had dismounted as soon as they got out of sight around the

bend, and had led their horses into the timber and tied them. Then they had hidden themselves and waited.

As soon as Dick came opposite them they had fired the volley.

Delighted by the success of their ruse, the three rushed forward.

They were half-way from the timber to where Dick lay when they paused suddenly and gave utterance to cries of amazement and terror.

The supposed dead youth suddenly straightened up to a sitting posture, and two pistols stared the redcoats in the face.

Crack! crack!

Two of the redcoats uttered cries of pain, and one tumbled to the ground.

Dick had fooled the three with a trick.

He had been playing 'possum.

He had been slightly wounded by one of the bullets, and had seemed to fall from the horse.

In reality he had leaped to the ground and then fell.

The two redcoats rushed back into the timber, leaving their comrade lying where he had fallen.

Dick ran to where his horse stood, and, leaping into the saddle, rode away at a gallop.

One of the redcoats came running out into the road and fired after Dick, but the bullet went wide of the mark.

Dick half turned in the saddle, waved his hand and uttered a derisive laugh.

"That's the time you were fooled," he murmured, and then he dismissed the matter from his mind. He turned his attention to the work before him.

Of course, he wished to keep close to the British army, but he did not wish to venture too close.

He rode onward at a lively pace for nearly an hour.

Then he stopped at a farmhouse and asked how long it had been since the British army passed.

He was informed that it had been only about an hour.

"That means that they are only about three miles ahead," thought Dick; "I might as well go slow and take things easy."

He let his horse walk during the next hour, and as it was now becoming supper-time, he made up his mind to stop at the next house and get something to eat and feed for his horse.

A few minutes later he came to a log house situated in the edge of the timber a hundred yards from the road.

Dick rode up to the cabin door and dismounted.

He knocked on the door, which was opened presently by a low-browed, evil-eyed man.

Dick did not fancy the looks of the fellow, but he was

hungry and didn't know how far it might be to the next house, so he decided to eat supper with the fellow, anyway.

"Good evening!" said Dick.

"Evenin'!" was the reply.

"I'm a traveler and would like a bite to eat, myself, and feed for my horse. Can you accommodate me?"

"Dunno; I'll hef ter ax ther ole woman erbout ther grub."

Then the man turned his head and called out:

"Moll!"

"Waal?" came back from within the cabin.

"Here's er feller ez wants sumthin' ter eat. Kin yo' give et ter him?"

"Yas, ef he kin put up with co'nbread an' pork."

"That'll do, finely," said Dick.

"I guess I kin fin' some co'n fur ther hoss," said the man.

The man stepped out of doors, and, taking the bridle-rein, led the horse around behind the house and into a shed stable.

He tied the horse and gave him some corn and then led the way back to the house.

They entered the house and Dick took a seat, the man going on out into the kitchen.

Dick heard the murmur of voices, but, of course, thought nothing of it.

He supposed the man and his wife were talking about domestic affairs.

When the man returned, Dick endeavored to engage him in conversation, but was unable to get much out of his host.

The man replied in monosyllables and seemed to begrudge those.

"He's not very sociable," thought Dick.

Supper was announced presently and Dick was soon seated at the table in the kitchen.

The woman of the house was almost as ill-favored as the man.

This did not matter, however, and did not affect Dick's appetite.

He ate heartily of the cornbread and fried pork, and felt so well satisfied when he had finished that he asked that he might remain in the cabin over night.

The host said that Dick might stay, and when bedtime came he conducted the youth to a little loft room which was reached by a series of rude steps nailed to the wall.

The bed was a coarse, home-made blanket placed on some moss and leaves, but it was a pleasant couch, nevertheless, and fifteen minutes after lying down Dick was sound asleep.

Dick slept soundly for several hours, and then was suddenly awakened—by he knew not what.

Somehow, he seemed to feel that he was in danger.

He lay perfectly still and listened.

Presently he heard a noise which caused him to believe that he was right in thinking that danger threatened.

Some one was climbing the rude steps which led to the loft!

CHAPTER XI.

DICK UPSETS HIS HOST'S PLANS.

Dick could hear the person, whoever it was, climbing slowly and cautiously.

Instantly the youth's mind reverted to his ill-favored host.

"I didn't like his looks," Dick said to himself, "and it won't surprise me if it turns out to be him."

Dick wondered what would be his best plan of action.

He thought a few moments, and then rising, silently, stole away from the spot where he had been lying.

"I'll see what the fellow intends doing," thought the youth; "and if he shows by his actions that he means harm, I will go for him with all my might."

The trouble with Dick's plan was that it was impossible to see anything.

It was very dark up in the loft.

"Perhaps he will bring a candle with him," the youth thought. "I hope so."

But the man did not have a candle.

Dick heard him reach the loft and rise to his feet, but could not see him.

"Well, I'll do the best I can in the darkness," said Dick to himself, grimly.

He remained perfectly still and listened.

He heard the intruder stealing across the loft floor.

Then came a few moments of silence.

"He's getting ready to make the leap," thought Dick.

In this the youth was right.

There was a sudden thud, followed by a startled, but half-smothered exclamation.

"He has made the leap, and found me missing, thought Dick. "Now, what will he do?"

The youth stood perfectly quiet and waited and listened.

To say that Dick was frightened would not be speaking the truth, for he was not; but he was far from feeling easy in his mind.

His situation was anything but a pleasant one.

Still he felt that he would be able to take care of himself.

"Did yo' git 'im, Joe?" came up from below, in cautious tones.

Dick recognized the voice as being that of the wife of his host.

"Shut up!" called down Joe, in a savage, but cautious voice. "No, I didn't git 'im. He hain't on ther pallet!"

"Waal, no matter; he's in ther loft, an' yo' kin git 'im. Yo' air more'n er match fur er younker like 'im."

"I guess I am, ef I kin git hol' uv 'im."

"Ther loft hain't very big, Joe."

"I know thet ez well ez yo' do, but I don' keer 'bout join' aroun' in ther dark, a-lookin' fur ther younker. Han' ne up er can'le, Moll."

"Oho! he wants a light," thought Dick; "well, I guess it will be as good a thing for me as for him."

Dick quietly drew a pistol.

"I'll be ready for Joe," he said to himself, grimly.

"Heer's ther can'le, Joe," said the voice of the woman.

A lighted candle was thrust up through the opening, and the man seized it and placed it on the loft floor.

Then he turned and looked searchingly about him.

What he saw brought a smothered imprecation to his lips.

Standing not ten feet distant, at the centre of the room, where the roof was highest, stood the youth whom he had expected to take by surprise, and murder.

In the youth's hand was a pistol, and the weapon was leveled at Joe's head.

Joe grasped an ugly-looking knife in his right hand.

The knife had a blade an inch and a half wide and ten inches long, at least, and was a terrible weapon, but to use it effectively the owner would have to be close to his intended victim.

Dick was aware of this, and did not intend that the fellow should come close.

For a few moments the two stood perfectly still and eyed each other intently.

Joe, knife in hand, his lips curled back, showing his teeth after the fashion of a growling dog with a bone in its mouth, his evil eyes glowing, glared at Dick, fiercely, threateningly.

Dick returned the look with one of calm determination. There was a peculiar glint in his eyes, however, which informed the man that in this youth he had a foe who would prove worthy of his steel.

The fellow was discerning, and he was impressed with the idea that the young fellow would shoot.

Dick was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, quietly, "you didn't succeed in murdering me in my sleep, did you?"

A growl escaped the lips of the man.

"No, but I'll kill yo' jes' ther same!" he hissed.

Dick shook his head.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Joe," he said, quietly; "if you make a move to attack me, I will put a bullet through your black heart!"

This was said quietly—so quietly, in fact, that Joe shuddered.

Somehow he realized that the author of those quietly spoken words was more dangerous than many a man he had seen who made loud and fierce threats.

"Yo' wouldn't dar' ter shoot!" the man growled, but there was an intonation to his voice which proved that he did not believe what he said.

"If you really think that, you are deceiving yourself badly, Joe," said Dick; "I'll shoot, and shoot to kill. You must understand, my friend, that I am a veteran, even though only a young man. I have killed a score of better men than you—not that I am boasting of this, mind you, for I am not proud of it—and will not hesitate to kill you, for I consider that my life is of more value to the world at large than is yours; so the very best thing you can do is to put that big knife away and go quietly back downstairs. By so doing you will save your life, and will not put me to the necessity of adding you to the list of my victims."

Joe glared in impotent anger.

There was the look of a baffled demon in his eyes.

It was evident that he would have taken savage delight in cutting the cool youth into bits.

But he was not quite a fool.

He realized that before he could get within cutting distance, the youth would put a bullet through him.

While he crouched there, undecided and hesitating, his wife's voice came up from below.

"Say, yo', Joe, whut air yo' doin'?" the woman asked, in a rasping, impatient tone.

"I hain't doin' nothin'," was the sullen reply.

Dick said nothing. He wished to hear what the woman would have to say.

"Waal, w'y hain't yo' doin' sumthin'? Whut air yo' waitin' fur? Yo' hain't ergoin' ter let thet younker skeer yo' out, air yo'?"

There was scorn in the woman's tone. Evidently she held Dick in utter contempt.

"Waal, I'll tell yo' jes' whut et is, ole woman," said Joe, sullenly, "ther young feller hez er pistil, an' he hez et p'intin' at me, an' ef I make er move to'ards 'im, he'll put er bullet through me an' thet's all ther is erbout thet!"

"Oho! he hez got er pistil, hez he? Then jes' wait er

minnet till I han' yo' up ther gun. I guess yo' kin do some shootin' ez well ez him!"

"My good woman," called out Dick, "let me tell you something: If you are tired of your husband, if you hate him, and wish to get rid of him, just pass up the gun and I will put a bullet through him before he can take hold of the weapon. If you wish to keep Joe with you a while longer, you will do well to not try anything of the kind."

"Yo' heer thet, Moll?" called down Joe. "This heer young feller means whut he says, an' yo' kin be shore uv thet. I guess I hed better come down."

"Yes, go down, Joe," said Dick; "go down, and stay down. Take warning and don't stick your head up through that hole again to-night. If you do, I will put a bullet through it. Down with you!"

The man decided to obey.

He swung his legs down through the opening, and a few moments later his body and head disappeared.

Dick stepped to the opening, and after blowing out the candle, looked down into the room underneath.

Joe and the woman stood at the farther end of the room, conversing in whispers.

"Now, don't try any more tricks, you two!" called out Dick, warningly. "I have been easy enough to let you off once, Joe, but next time I won't do it. Take warning, and don't make any more attempts on my life; it won't be good for you if you do!"

Joe turned his face toward the opening.

"Yo' needn' be afeerd," he said; "I hain't ergoin' ter try ter bother yo' no more. I've jes' be'n a-tellin' Moll so, an' yo' kin go ter bed an' ter sleep; yo' sleeps too light fur me!"

"All right, Joe," replied Dick; "that is, indeed, wise on your part. But there are some boards here which I am going to place over the opening to make sure that you don't slip up here without awakening me. As you say, I am a light sleeper, but I believe in being safe."

Dick had noticed some loose boards lying in a pile at one side of the loft, and he placed four or five of these over the opening. He was determined to make assurance doubly sure, and brought his blanket and spread it on top of the boards.

Then he stretched himself out on the blanket, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I don't think they will be able to get up here without awakening me now!" he thought.

So accustomed was Dick to danger that he dropped off to sleep within ten minutes.

How long he slept he could not, of course, tell, as he

had no timepiece; but he was suddenly awakened by feeling the boards, on which he was lying, move.

They moved only a very little, but it was sufficient to arouse Dick.

He listened intently.

He heard a muttered growl, which came but faintly to his ears.

"That sounded like the voice of Moll," thought Dick, "likely it was her, for she is a tigress, if ever there was one."

Dick went to sleep again and was not disturbed again during the night.

Dick waited till he caught both Joe and Moll in the room below, and then descended, in the morning.

"Good morning," he said, just as if he had spent the most pleasant night in the world, and had nothing but friendly feelings for the couple. "Is breakfast ready?"

The woman glared at Dick, fiercely, and the man looked sullen, but in the eyes of the latter was a peculiar look—of respect, almost admiration for the cool youth.

"Breakfas'll be reddy in er few minnets," Joe replied.

"Good! I'm hungry as a bear. Now, come into the kitchen, both of you, while I wash my face; I don't intend that you shall have a chance to put a bullet through me."

Dick spoke in the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, just as if he were speaking of some business matter.

The two obeyed, though on the part of the woman it was with a very ill grace.

The man, as Dick could see, was completely cowed.

The youth made his toilet, and then, breakfast being ready, he sat down and ate heartily, forcing his host and hostess to eat of the food, first, to make sure it was not doctored in some manner.

When he had finished he asked the man how much for the night's lodging, and was told that four bits would settle his indebtedness.

Dick paid it, and then left the house in company with Joe.

They went to the stable and the man bridled and saddled Dick's horse.

When Dick was ready to mount, he turned toward Joe.

"Step away a short distance, Joe," he said; "I don't wish to tempt you to try to attack me."

Joe walked ten paces away and paused.

Dick leaped into the saddle, and with a wave of the hand, rode past the house and out toward the road.

He had gone only a short distance past the house when there came the sharp crack of a rifle, and a bullet whistled past Dick's head.

CHAPTER XII.

LARKIN AGAIN.

"That shot was fired by Moll," thought Dick; "I knew she was a tigress. She is worse than Joe, and he's bad enough."

Dick looked back and saw Joe standing where he had left him.

The man had his hands in the air to show that they were empty.

"I didn' do et!" he called out, in frightened tones. "I didn' do et, an' I didn' know she wuz goin' ter do et!"

"All right, Joe!" called back Dick, and then he galloped out to the road and on up it, in the direction of Wilmington.

Dick did not ride very fast after getting out of sight of the cabin.

He knew that if he rode very fast he would overtake the British, and this he did not wish to do.

Dick was forced to stop at a farmhouse two or three hours, to keep from running onto the rear guard of the British.

He had stopped ostensibly to get a drink, but really to learn how long it had been since the British had passed, and finding that the people of the house were patriots, he remained there several hours, as we have said.

He learned that it was only about eight miles to Wilmington, and he remained, at the earnest solicitation of his new-found friends, and took supper with them.

After supper he bade them good-by, and, mounting, rode onward toward Wilmington.

It was dark before he was within two miles of the city, and a mile farther on he came upon a scene which filled him with anger.

A party of redcoats were looting a house which stood near the road.

A bonfire was burning, and by its light the redcoats were working.

The people of the house, a man, his wife and two children, a boy of perhaps ten, and a girl of sixteen or seventeen, stood near, helpless. They could only watch the work of pillage.

"Jove! I must put a stop to this!" thought Dick. "I believe, too, that this is the home of the Millers, the patriots the folks back at the other house told me of, and where I am to stop and leave my horse. Let's see; what can I do?"

Dick eyed the scene with critical eyes.

He counted the redcoats, and found that there were nine of them.

"I believe I can put five to flight," he thought; "I am going to try, at any rate."

He decided to try the old trick—one which he and Bob had employed on more than one occasion—that of riding up at a fierce gait, yelling and making as much noise as possible, in addition to firing his pistols, and thus frighten the redcoats away.

He thought that it might work.

Turning his horse he rode back up the road a distance of two hundred yards.

Then he urged his horse into a gallop and came racing down the road, the clatter of the horse's hoofs being loud enough to lead an ordinary hearer to imagine that there were several animals.

This was what Dick wished the redcoats to think.

As he drew near the cabin, Dick began yelling, "Come on, boys, we've got them now!" at the top of his voice.

Then he fired four shots from his four pistols in as rapid succession as possible, and came riding right up to the cabin, still yelling for the boys to "Come on!"

The redcoats, imagining that a party was upon them, broke and fled at the top of their speed.

Dick, seeing that he had them going, gave chase, yelling at the top of his voice.

He followed only a short distance, however.

He was well aware of the fact that it was not safe to pursue a fleeing foe unless you outnumbered it considerably—and on this occasion he did not outnumber his enemies.

He stopped and turned back, and when he reached the cabin he was overwhelmed with thanks from the members of the family.

They were the Millers, Dick quickly learned, and then he told them who he was and that he had been directed to stop there by friends of theirs a few miles back on the road.

"But where are your comrades?" asked Mr. Miller, presently, peering up the road. "You must have been a long ways ahead of them."

Dick laughed.

"I have no comrades," he replied.

"What!" gasped the man, while the others gave utterance to exclamations. "Do you mean to say you are alone?"

"Entirely alone."

"And—and—you attacked the redcoats single-handed?"

"As you have seen—and put them to flight, too!" with another laugh.

Mr. Miller and his wife, son and daughter were amazed at the boldness of the youth.

They could not help telling him that they thought him the bravest and most daring youth they had ever heard of.

Dick laughed at these statements, and asked if he might leave his horse there for a day or two.

Of course, Mr. Miller was only too glad to grant the youth permission to do this, and then, after a few minutes of conversation, Dick bade them good-by and started on in the direction of Wilmington.

It was only a mile to the city, Mr. Miller told Dick, and he would be there very soon.

Fifteen minutes later he was at the edge of the town.

He entered without being challenged, and was soon on the main street, walking along, looking around him.

Suddenly a party of five redcoats came around a corner and met Dick, face to face.

As they did so a cry escaped the lips of one of the redcoats:

"It is that cursed rebel spy whom we came so near capturing up in the country the other night when he was spying on General Cornwallis!" exclaimed the fellow.

It was Larkin, and he had recognized Dick!

CHAPTER XIII.

DARING SPY WORK.

Dick had not counted on meeting Larkin.

He had had trouble with the fellow at the farmhouse, two or three days before, and again on the night that he had been detected playing spy on General Cornwallis, and it was only natural, Dick knew, for Larkin to wish to get even with him.

But Dick had intended to keep out of the fellow's way.

Now, however, he was face to face with him, and had been recognized.

Dick realized that he was in danger.

If he allowed himself to be captured he would be shot or hung in short order.

So the instant Larkin uttered the words quoted above, the youth acted.

He leaped forward and knocked Larkin down.

Another quick, strong blow, and down went another of the redcoats.

Then Dick leaped through the opening thus made, and darted around the corner and dashed down the street.

The redcoats were aroused to action by this time, and they rushed around the corner in pursuit of the fleeing youth.

He was twenty yards in advance, however, and they soon discovered that he was a speedier runner than any of their number.

Then they brought their pistols into requisition, and fired several shots.

Fortunately none hit the fugitive, although one or two of the bullets were heard by Dick.

Another lucky thing for Dick was that there were very few people on the street down which he was running.

The few people who were there were citizens, and they got out of the way instead of trying to stop Dick, as the redcoats called out for them to do.

Dick turned several corners in his flight, in an attempt to throw his pursuers off the track.

He did not succeed in doing this, but had gained on the redcoats, and was now nearly the length of a block ahead of them.

Presently he came to a large lumber yard, which, he soon saw, was on the shore of a river, which at this point was quite wide.

There was a rude wharf, and lying there were perhaps half a dozen schooners and one good-sized ship.

Dick did not have much time to think.

He was opposite the ship, and running up the gang-plank he made his way to the cabin.

Not a soul was in sight.

Dick gently opened the cabin door and looked in.

There was no one in the room so far as he could see.

It was so dark he could not make out much of anything, however.

He stepped through, into the room, and closed the door.

Of course, he was careful not to make any noise, as he knew there must be some one around within hearing distance.

He listened a few moments.

To his ears came the sound of murmuring voices.

The voices came from the adjoining room.

Dick stepped to the connecting door and listened.

He could hear the voices plainer, but could not distinguish words.

He stooped and peered through the keyhole.

He saw two men.

They were seated at a table at the farther side of the room, and their backs were toward Dick.

One of the men was a captain in the British navy.

Dick could tell this by his uniform.

The other man was General Cornwallis!

Dick was surprised to see the general there, but was sure he could not be mistaken in the man.

Instantly he was all alert.

If he could overhear the conversation between the two he might become possessed of information of importance. He must hear what they were saying. He was prepared to take long chances in order to do so. Dick turned the knob and pulled. The door came open, slowly and silently. The two men were busy, and interested in their work (they were examining maps) and conversation, and Dick's presence was not suspected.

Dick glanced around him.

Near where he stood was the door leading into a stateroom.

Dick opened this door and slipped into the room.

He closed the door and placed his ear to the keyhole.

He could understand what was being said, now.

Dick was listening, and congratulating himself on his good fortune, when there came the sound of trampling feet on the deck of the ship.

Then the footsteps were heard in the outer cabin.

General Cornwallis and the captain ceased talking and looked at each other in surprise.

They turned their faces toward the door, expectantly.

Dick thought he knew who were coming.

"It is Larkin and his gang!" he said to himself. "Did they see me come aboard the ship, or are they just guessing?"

Dick turned the key in the lock of the stateroom door.

"They won't get to look in this room, if I can prevent it!" he said to himself.

The newcomers knocked on the door.

"Come in!" called out Cornwallis.

The door opened, and Dick, who was peering through the keyhole, saw that he was right; it was Larkin and his comrades.

"What is wanted?" asked Cornwallis, somewhat sternly, for he did not fancy being disturbed in this unceremonious fashion.

Larkin told his story, excitedly, and when he had finished, Cornwallis was almost as excited as the other.

"What! That spy here in Wilmington?" he cried. "And you say he came down to the river front? Search for him, men! Search high and low, and if you find him, you will have the opportunity of dividing one hundred pounds between you!"

"We thought it possible that he might have come aboard his vessel, sir," said Larkin.

The general shook his head.

"No, he would not have done that," he said; "he probably doubled on you and is heading back into the main part of the town. After him, as quickly as possible!"

The men hastened out of the cabin and off the ship.

Then Dick listened to some comments on himself in considerable amusement.

Presently the two men returned to the matters that had occupied their attention prior to the coming of Larkin and his comrades, and this was just what Dick wished.

He was acquiring information, and wished to secure as much as was possible.

The two men conversed for another hour, and then a bodyguard of ten soldiers came aboard the ship and General Cornwallis took his departure.

Dick seized upon the time when the captain of the ship was out of the cabin, seeing Cornwallis off, to slip out of the stateroom and out of the cabin and upon the deck.

Dick made his way to a dark and deserted portion of the deck, and waited.

Then when Cornwallis was gone and the captain had returned to the cabin, Dick leaped ashore and made his way toward the main part of the town.

As he walked along he was turning over in his mind plans for his procedure.

It did not take him long to decide what to do.

"I think I have learned sufficient," he said to himself; "I heard General Cornwallis say he was going to go up into Virginia with his army and effect a junction with the forces under General Phillips and Arnold, and this was the information which General Greene had wished Dick to secure—the intentions of General Cornwallis.

Dick had also heard Cornwallis say that he was going to send a small party of soldiers to Camden to warn Lord Rawdon that the patriot army was approaching that point, and Dick wished to head this party off and capture it, if possible. If he could make a success of this, then it would be possible for Greene to take Lord Rawdon by surprise, and capture Camden.

Thinking thus, Dick headed toward the country.

He wished to get out of Wilmington as quickly as possible, now, and without being seen by any of the redcoats, if possible, but he was to be disappointed.

Suddenly, on turning a corner, he came upon a party of redcoats, who, the instant they saw him, gave utterance to a shout and rushed toward him.

CHAPTER XIV.

DICK ASTONISHES A LANDLORD.

"Great guns! I'm in for it again!" thought Dick.

He whirled and darted down the street at full speed.

After him, pell-mell, came the redcoats.

They had heard that there was a reward of one hundred pounds offered for the capture of the youth, and they wished to earn the money.

But Dick had no notion of letting them do it.

He raced onward at top speed.

If he could succeed in getting out of the town and into the timber, he could bid defiance to the entire British army.

Onward he sped.

After him still came the redcoats.

They were yelling in their excitement.

Others joined in the chase.

Luckily for Dick he was in a part of the city not much frequented after night, and there were few people on the streets.

He encountered a few pedestrians, but they promptly stepped aside and gave him the right of way, and he went onward.

Dick was such a swift runner that he gradually left his pursuers behind.

Finally he was out of the town proper.

He struck into the road.

It did not go in the direction he wished to go, but Dick decided to follow it for a distance in order to throw his pursuers off the track.

He kept on up the road a distance of half a mile, and then turning aside, plunged into the timber, and making a half circuit of nearly a mile, struck into a road which led toward the home of the Millers.

Fifteen minutes later he arrived there.

The family had retired for the night, but Dick soon aroused Mr. Miller.

He asked if he might remain over night, and Mr. Miller said he should be delighted to have the youth remain.

"Didn't you put the redcoats to flight this evening, and keep us from being robbed of nearly everything we possess?" the man asked. "Of course you may stay!—not only over night, but a week or a month, if you like!"

"Thanks," smiled Dick; "but I must be away on my journey by daybreak to-morrow. Get me up early, Mr. Miller."

"Very well; I will do so."

He kept his word, and Dick was up and had eaten breakfast before the sun rose.

Just as the sun was coming up he mounted his horse, bade good-by to the people who had been so kind to him, and rode away.

Dick rode rapidly all day, stopping only once, an hour at noon, for dinner, and to give his horse a chance to eat something, and rest a bit.

Then he stopped just before dark at a log house and asked if he might stay over night.

He was told that he might.

When he had helped look after the horse, and had entered the house in company with the man, Dick asked how far it was to Cheraw, and was pleased when he learned that it was only seven miles to the town.

Dick expected to reach Cheraw ahead of General Greene and the patriot army, and there await them.

The people were ordinary citizens, and as they did not ask Dick any questions regarding himself, he did not ask them any questions.

He paid for the keep of himself and horse, and, mounting at an early hour, next morning, rode away towards Cheraw.

He reached the town two hours later, and went to the tavern.

Before entering, he looked all around, and up the road, toward the north, from which direction the patriot army would come.

There were no patriot soldiers to be seen, however, nor was there any sign of the army in the distance.

Dick entered the tavern.

The proprietor was a large, fat man, and he greeted Dick pleasantly.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular," replied Dick; "I may wish to remain with you the rest of to-day and to-night, that is all."

"I shall be glad to give you accommodations, young sir," was the reply. "Are you expecting friends to meet you here?"

Dick nodded.

"I am," he replied.

The landlord rubbed his fat hands.

"That will be good for me," he said, with a smile; "it will make business for me, and I shall be glad to accommodate your friends, also."

Dick smiled.

"I am afraid your tavern is hardly spacious enough for the purpose," he said.

"No?" in surprise. "How many friends do you expect to have join you?"

"About twenty-five hundred."

Dick spoke quietly, but the effect was calculated to cause one to laugh.

"What!" almost shouted the landlord, red with excitement; "did you say twenty-five hundred? You must be making sport at my expense!"

"Oh, no, not at all," Dick hastened to say; "I mean it

"And you have twenty-five hundred friends coming here to meet you?"

"Yes; or more properly speaking, perhaps, I came here to meet them."

"And who are these friends, if I may ask?"

There was a suspicious look on the man's face.

"Soldiers," replied Dick, quietly.

"Soldiers!"

"Yes—patriot soldiers."

"Patriot soldiers!"

"Yes; the patriot army under General Greene is coming down from the north, and it should reach here by evening, I should think."

"Great Jove! you don't mean it?"

"I certainly do."

The landlord turned pale.

CHAPTER XV.

THE "LIBERTY BOYS' " SUCCESS.

Dick eyed the man searchingly.

"You seem somewhat taken aback by the idea of a patriot army coming this way," he remarked.

The landlord started.

"Me?—oh, no; why should I?" he hastened to say.

"Oh, I don't know; I simply judged by your looks, that all."

"You misjudged me, then, young man; I am glad to know that the patriot army is coming."

The landlord tried to say this in a hearty, frank manner, but the attempt was so nearly a failure that Dick could see the man was not glad.

"He's a Tory at heart," thought Dick; "and will bear nothing."

Dick remained at the tavern all day, and when evening approached, and the patriot army had not put in an appearance, he decided to ride toward the north and meet it. He ordered his horse, and, paying his score, mounted and rode away.

He rode onward a distance of a mile or so, and then when he reached the top of a hill he paused and looked ahead.

The sun had just set, and it was growing dusk, but away in the distance, a mile away, at least, Dick saw the head of the long column of soldiers.

The patriot army was coming!

"They will likely go into camp soon, though," thought Dick; "so I will go on and meet them."

The march for the day had come to an end, and the men were building camp-fires and erecting tents, and getting ready to cook supper when Dick came up.

He was well known to practically all the soldiers in the army, and was recognized as soon as he rode up.

He was greeted with a cheer, for all knew that he had been sent to Wilmington to spy on Cornwallis, and they were glad to see him back in safety.

Dick soon came to the spot where the "Liberty Boys" were located, and they cheered their young commander wildly when he put in an appearance.

Dick tarried here only long enough to dismount and tie his horse.

Then he hastened to the tent occupied by General Greene. The general greeted Dick heartily.

"I'm glad to see you back again, Dick, and so soon, too. You must have had good luck!"

"Splendid, General Greene!" replied Dick.

Then he told the officer what he had learned.

Greene listened with interest.

"So Cornwallis is going to go up into Virginia, is he?" he remarked, thoughtfully. "Well, that is as good as I could ask for. It eliminates him altogether, and I am free to go ahead and drive the British out of South Carolina. After that is accomplished, I will return into North Carolina and do the same thing, and if need be I will enter Virginia and give Cornwallis battle."

General Greene's face beamed with pleasure.

After a few moments of silence he said:

"And now about that party which was to be sent by Cornwallis to Camden to warn Lord Rawdon of our coming: It must be stopped, Dick; those redcoats must not be allowed to reach their destination."

"That was my idea, General Greene," replied Dick; "and that is the reason why I hastened back. If you say so, I will take a dozen or so of my 'Liberty Boys' and effect the capture of the redcoats in question."

"Good, Dick! That is just what I wish you to do."

After some further conversation Dick saluted and withdrew from the tent.

When he told the youths what he wished to do, they all clamored to accompany him.

Dick told them this would be folly, however, and he named ten of the youths who were to make members of the party.

When supper was over Dick and his ten comrades mounted their horses and rode away in the direction of Cheraw.

It was quite dark and they rode at a walk most of the

way, but it was only a little more than a mile and a half to Cheraw and half an hour from the time of leaving camp, they rode into the town.

They rode down the main street, and when they reached the tavern where Dick had spent the day, the youth called a halt.

"I hardly expect it, Bob," he said to the youth who rode next to him, "but it is possible that those redcoats might come by the way of Cheraw and might be in the tavern. You boys wait here a few moments while I go and see."

Then he made his way to the tavern and up onto the porch in front.

He made his way to a window and looked in.

Seated at a table at the farther end of the room were five redcoats.

They were eating and drinking and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

At this moment, the landlord entered the room through a side door and approached the table.

He bore a tray on which were bottles and glasses, and after he had placed these on the table, he stood, tray in hand, and talked to the redcoats.

The youth shrewdly surmised that the landlord was telling the redcoats about the youth who had been there that day and who had told him of the coming of the patriot army.

Dick hastened back to where the boys were.

"Dismount and tie your horses, quick!" he cried eagerly, but cautiously; "the redcoats are in the tavern!"

The youths dismounted instantly and tied their horses to some posts standing in front of the tavern.

"Come," said Dick; "follow me. Be ready with your weapons."

Dick led the way up onto the porch.

All followed, and when they were ready Dick suddenly opened the door and the "Liberty Boys" rushed into the room.

The landlord, tray in hand, stood at the side of the room near the side door and stared at the youths in open-mouthed dismay.

"You are harboring the enemy!" said Dick, sternly, addressing the landlord. Then to the startled redcoats:

"You are our prisoners!"

With a wild cry of terror the landlord disappeared through the side door.

The redcoats stared at Dick and his comrades for a few moments in silence.

"It's no use, my friends," said Dick, quietly; "you are trapped, you cannot get away and might as well surrender

gracefully. Don't attempt to draw weapons, any of you for if you do my men will riddle you with bullets."

"We surrender!" said one of the redcoats.

"Good! Bob, disarm them!"

Bob stepped forward and quickly performed the task of passing the weapons to his comrades as he took them from the redcoats.

Then Dick went to the side door and called to the landlord.

That worthy soon put in an appearance.

He was pale and frightened looking.

"Bring me some rope!" ordered Dick, "and be quick about it; bring one long rope, or five or six short pieces if it doesn't matter which; we wish to use the rope in tying the wrists of your friends, the redcoats."

The landlord was soon back with some rope.

"Now order the horses belonging to these men brought around in front of the tavern," said Dick, as he took the rope from the landlord, and that worthy hastened away to give the order.

The "Liberty Boys" quickly bound the hands of the redcoats and led them out of the room.

As soon as the redcoats' horses were brought around, the youths assisted their prisoners to mount.

Then the "Liberty Boys" mounted their horses and with the prisoners in their midst, rode back toward the patriot encampment.

Half an hour later they reached the camp.

"Well, well," said General Greene, when Dick put in his appearance and reported the capture of the redcoats, "you did that very quickly."

"Yes," replied the youth; "it didn't take us long. We found the redcoats in the tavern in town, and had no difficulty in capturing them."

"Well, I'm glad you succeeded; I was sure that you would, however, for you always do what you set out to do."

THE END.

The next number (48) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' SETBACK; OR, DEFEATED BUT NOT DISGRACED," by Harry Moor.

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